

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Couper.*



THE INDIAN COUNCIL

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.  
CHAPTER XX.—THE MOHAWK'S WOOING.

THE Mohawks had come on one of those long visits of half-pleasure, half-business, which the braves of friendly tribes are apt to pay to each other in critical times. Councils were to be held on the subject of which side their united forces should take in the strife which threatened to divide the American

continent. There was also a good deal of hunting and feasting to be done, the former necessarily preceding the latter, as so large an influx of guests required extra provisions, and all supplies were brought from the woods. Their young chief had also a private affair to transact in his uncle's territory. His meeting with Constance there was no doubt unexpected. While the braves of both tribes were preparing to set forth on a grand hunt, she saw him and the old chief in earnest consultation

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behind the wigwam, where there was both shade and space. Main-rouge appeared to be hesitating about something on which his nephew's heart was set, judging from the persuasive eagerness of the young man's address; but at length it seemed that the uncle was won over to his views, and the matter settled between them.

The braves were gone a-hunting for the greater part of the day, and when they returned towards evening well provided with game, they sat smoking in groups before every wigwam, while the squaws prepared the feast. When the feast had been spread and done justice to, and pipes and talk again occupied the warriors around the evening fires, Constance was sitting alone, in a sort of natural harbour formed by a stooping-tree, in that same shady space where the uncle and nephew had held their conference. The chief's people had constructed a mossy seat for her there; it was a more pleasant place of retirement than her own small chamber in the warm season which had now set in, and some such place was requisite for a white lady in an Indian settlement where no drawing-room society could be expected. She sat there, in the soft and scented twilight of May, thinking of her old home at the Elms, of her father, and of Sydney Archdale, when something like the rustling of leaves made her look up, and close by her side she saw the young Mohawk with his belt full of knives, his hatchet in his hand, and his eyes earnestly bent on her. It was by a great effort of prudence that Constance kept her seat; she had been warned by both Hannah and the Quaker not to appear frightened at any extraordinary movement on the part of the Indians, due to their savage instincts. She therefore sat still, and tried to look as if nothing had happened; but it was difficult to do when the Mohawk stepped out before her and commenced at once a dance and a song. The dance was at first slow and monotonous, and the song low and plaintive, as if it told some sad and tender tale in the liquid words of his Indian tongue. But the one increased in rapidity and the other in volume, till the dance was a succession of bounds and the song a continuation of whoops; while at the same time Kashutan pulled knife after knife from his belt and flung them about in the most furious fashion with his left hand, and with his right flourished the hatchet on all sides, his teeth gnashing, and his eyes glaring like miniature furnaces; till poor Constance, believing that her hour was come, and too much terrified to attempt to escape—which, indeed, would have been useless—leant back on the seat and covered her face with her hands. All at once, however, the Mohawk's mood changed, he let his hatchet fall at her feet, moved backward and forward with a step that seemed to indicate pain or trouble, while his hand was laid alternately on his breast and brow, and his face took an expression so soft and sorrowful that Constance, after seeing its previous fury, could scarcely believe her eyes.

With that look his motion suddenly ceased, and he stood still before her for some minutes, as if expecting a response; then he seemed to conclude that his performance was not appreciated, and, looking disconcerted and ashamed, Kashutan turned and walked away. Not knowing what to make of it, Constance rose, and was walking away too, but in a different direction; she thought of asking Hannah's opinion on the subject, when steps approached, and the old chief and his nephew were both by her side.

"Is my daughter afraid of her Indian brother?" said Main-rouge, handing her back to the mossy seat, and taking his place beside her, while the young man stood modestly behind them. "Is the pale-faced woman, who can read books and write letters, less gifted with understanding than the daughter of the red man, whose only school was the hearth of the wigwam and the paths of the woods?"

"Father," said Constance—she had learned something of his own style by this time—"it is not possible for man or woman to understand the tongue and the customs to which they are strangers."

"You speak truly," said the old chief; "yet I thought such things made themselves known to the young of every race and language."

It presently appeared that by that song and dance his nephew was declaring his love for Delamere's daughter. It was an ancient custom of the Puma tribe—lovers had employed it for many generations to set forth their great and strong affection; but those who were false-hearted or but faintly moved did not use it, lest pining sickness or death should come to them before the nearest spring or fall. The first part reveals how the lover is subdued and enslaved by the maiden's beauty and excellency; the second declares the valiant deeds he will do for her sake against the enemies of her people; and the third proclaims that if his love is not returned, he will live without a squaw and die with sorrow.

Constance had never before heard of that remarkable custom; yet there are many such among the Indian tribes. Wanting in chivalry as the red man must ever appear in European eyes, and degraded as the condition of the red woman may seem, there is an underlying vein of noble sentiment in the Indian character, for both their history and traditions abound with instances of the most romantic love and the most devoted friendship.

"Consider, now, my daughter," continued old Red-hand, "that Kashutan is the son of a great chief, Shingis, the most famous warrior of all the tribes of the Mohawk. He sought my sister in her youth, and she fled with him from our settlement; it was no disgrace, but we were angry because he went on the war-path with the English, while we took up the hatchet for the French. These things are past, like the leaves that were then on the trees; my sister is the mother of Kashutan; Shingis has gone to the spirit country, and has left him a great inheritance of spoils taken in war, and goods purchased in peace. My nephew possesses herds of cattle and horses and companies of slaves; his corn-fields are large and fruitful as those that the white men plough; in his wigwam are stores of cloth and linen, rum and gunpowder; he speaks first after the old men at the council fire, because of the wisdom that is known to be in his youth; and when he takes up the hatchet, a thousand warriors will follow him on the war-path. Your own eyes tell you that Kashutan is a comely brave. Many an Indian maid smiles upon him when he sits at the feast, or plays in the sports of the young men; the daughters of renowned chiefs in all our settlements would be well pleased to dwell in his wigwam, but he seeks only the white man's daughter."

From the day of their meeting in Harbour Street Constance had an inkling of the young chief's sentiments regarding herself, but she was not prepared for the suit so directly made by both nephew and uncle. Of course it was highly flattering to a young

lady's pride to have the love dance of the Puma tribe—which ensured death or sickness to the faint or false-hearted wooer—performed before her by a gentleman with a following of a thousand warriors, and his uncle, the redoubt chief of the Wampanoags, to plead his cause in her native tongue; but in her present position it was highly dangerous too. She was no coquette by nature or education, and yet her woman's wit suggested, as the only safe course, a temporising policy which would not drive the wild wooer to despair, for the brandishing of his hatchet was still in her memory. So, with as much self-possession as she could assume, Constance set forth what high respect she had for the son of the famous Shingis, how much she felt complimented by his choice of her as a squaw, and how unworthy of that exalted position, and unfit to fulfil its duties, she was as a white woman.

"You know, father, the customs of my race are different from those of the red people," she said, "and your nephew must know the same. Hands like mine would be useless in his wigwam; I can neither cook venison, tan skins, nor hoe corn. Many an Indian maid, who can do all these things, whose ways and language are his own, would, I am sure, be proud to call such a handsome and distinguished chief her husband."

Here the young Mohawk's impatience getting the better of his modesty, made him demand of his uncle the meaning of her words, whereon Main-rouge invited him to come forward, interpreted what Constance had said, and translated Kashutan's reply. It was to the effect that he would never expect from her the usual accomplishments of Indian married ladies; that his mother would manage the affairs of wigwam and cornfield, and superintend the labours of his hired people and slaves; that the whole following should wait upon Delamere's daughter, and she should have everything that white ladies were accustomed to; that himself should behave to her like a white squire, only that he believed some of them did not keep the promises they made to their squaws, but he would; and his uncle endorsed the declaration by assuring Constance that Kashutan always kept his word as became an Indian chief, and that he had learned how to behave to white ladies from a young squire who spoke the Mohawk tongue, and often visited the tribe in his father's days.

"I have talked with him," said the old chief; "he had more wisdom than the Great Spirit allows to most of the pale faces, and was handsome, too, for one of his race, having some resemblance to my nephew, for the squire was about his years. His name was Archdale; he knew your father and his house; his own kindred dwelt somewhere on the banks of the Connecticut. Have you ever heard of them, my daughter?"

Constance knew he was speaking of Sydney; she recollects that the latter had taken refuge among the Mohawks when the Government search after him was hot and the captain first came to the Elms. She recalled the bunch of wild-wood flowers he had once left on her window-sill; the guise in which she had seen him last, and his resemblance to Red-hand's nephew. He was a colonel now, at the head of a militia regiment raised in her native place, and in a great measure consisting of the tenantry on her father's estate, as well as that of the Plantation; and there by her side stood the man she had mis-

taken for him, the Indian chief whom he had instructed on the devoirs expected by white ladies, and who was bent with all the resolution of his red nature on taking his place in her good graces. Main-rouge had asked the question in all sincerity, and with no suspicion of the bond that had been between them; yet it was a minute or two before she could answer with sufficient composure: "I knew them well; they were neighbours to my father, and had as good an estate as his own."

Some Indian words passed between the old chief and his nephew. The latter seemed to make an eager inquiry, and the former turned to Constance. "Do you know if the young man is there still? Kashutan would fain hear of him, for indeed they were friends."

"I have not been in that part of the country for a long time; but when I was living in Boston with my friends who are here now, I was told that he was raising a regiment of militia for the defence of the province." No girl of her years could have spoken more judiciously, though it was somewhat at hazard. The answer appeared to satisfy the chiefs, old and young; but, urged by his nephew, Main-rouge returned to the main subject.

"Kashutan has laid open his mind to you in the sacred love-dance of his tribe, and also by my tongue," he said. "What answer does my daughter give to her red brother, that his hunting may not be uncertain and his dreams troubled?"

"I pray you, father, consider that I am young and a stranger to both my Indian brother and his people; and also that it is not customary, nor thought prudent among us, for a maid to declare her mind at once. Give me time to think over the matter, for it is of great importance to me. Besides, my father has not been consulted; and you, wise chief, know well that neither among the Indians nor the pale-faces is it thought right for a daughter to make any such contract without her father's knowledge and consent."

Once more the uncle and nephew talked in their own tongue, and then old Red-hand said: "Your father could have no objection to the son of Shingis, who is above any white squire he could choose for you; but we will not trespass on the customs of your people. Take time, as the white women do, to try the truth and constancy of their lovers. My nephew will not be found wanting to you in anything. But they have lighted the council-fire, and the dews of night are falling;" and rising quickly, he took Constance by the hand and led her to the wigwam.

Like the supreme court of ancient Athens, the Indian council holds its sittings by night. The council-fire was lighted in the midst of an open space at the end of the village, set round with trees which their fathers had planted; for all summer assemblies were held there ever since the Wampanoags settled in the valley. The dignitaries of both tribes sat round the fire on logs; behind them the common braves stood in a double circle; but the general public, including boys and squaws, were rigidly barred out, and they spent the time in domestic industry, quarrels, and sports, which kept the whole village astir while the council lasted.

While all were thus occupied, Constance took the opportunity to inform Hannah of the Mohawk's proposal, in hopes that the good woman's knowledge of Indian life and character might enable her to give

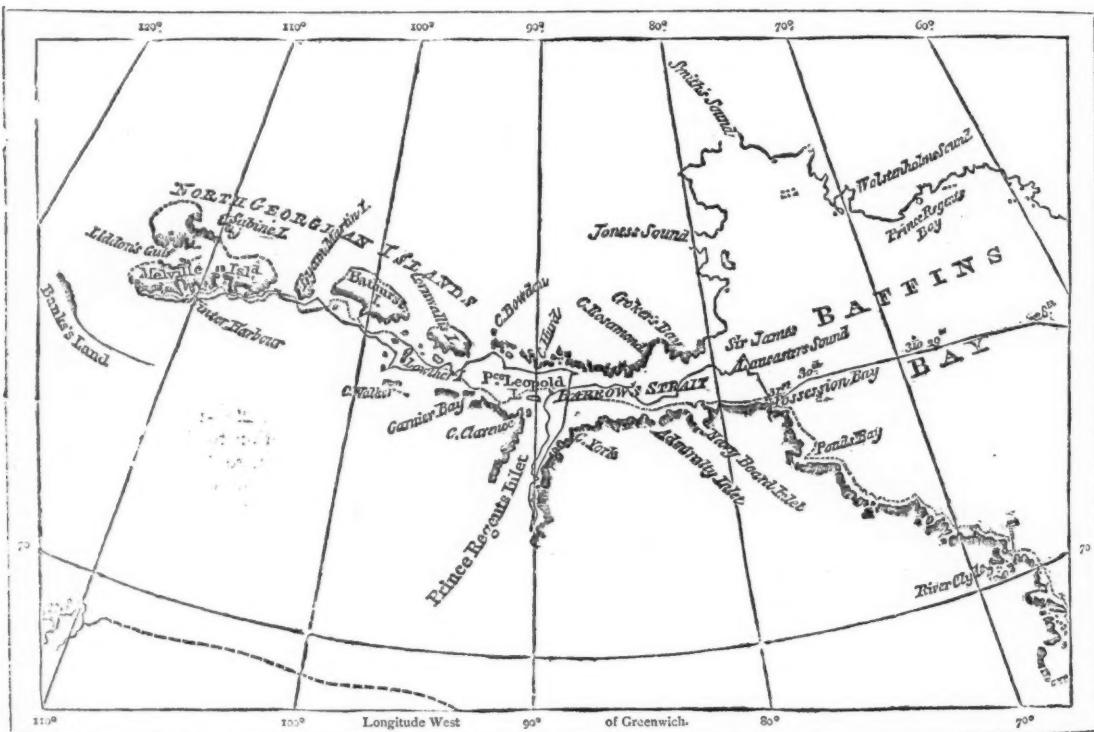
practical advice as to the best mode of staving off the intended honour. She found the Quakeress seated in a corner of the deserted hall, reading Greenland's Bible by the light of a pine torch.

At the first revelation, Hannah looked frightened for a minute, and then said, with her usual calmness, "Child, it is a perilous business, and one which may prove, even to thy youth, the dangers that follow upon outward fairness which so many covet. I cannot advise thee to anything better than that which thou hast done. To gain time is the only safe course. Help may come to us by the bands of backwoodsmen who will now be marching eastward to aid the people of Massachusetts. At any rate, put thy trust in the Lord, and he will open a way of escape before thee. By his good providence, I hope friend Greenland is by this time safe out of the

Indian country. He slipped away two days ago, and does not yet seem to be missed. He is well accustomed to journey in the wilderness, and prayed me to go with him. I think these woods inspire men with vain notions of earthly affection; but when I would not venture it, or leave friend Jacob and thee behind, he left me his Bible in token of remembrance, and promised, if he could find his way to Philadelphia, to make known our case to friend Caleb and Rachel, who are no doubt there, and will take every lawful means to free us from the hands of these forest Philistines. Therefore, child, keep a good heart; but we that remain here had need to take care, and seem to know nothing of the matter, for if they thought we were taking any measures to frustrate their design, or get thee out of their tents of Kedar, our lives would not be safe for a day."

### ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER, F.R.G.S.



MAP SHOWING THE TRACK OF PARRY'S FIRST VOYAGE, 1819-20.

#### VII.—PARRY'S FIRST VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE (1819-20).

WHEN Ross returned, in 1818, he informed his crews that there would be, in all probability, another Arctic Expedition in 1819, and that, to such as were disposed to volunteer for it, the Government would find employment in the interim. Upon hearing this almost the whole of his crews volunteered, and the new expedition had thus the great advantage of starting with a body of men whose capacities

were known, and who were already practised in ice navigation. Nor was this the only way in which the new expedition benefited by the voyage of 1818. Ross had narrowed the areas within which it was possible that a north-west passage might be found; and the instructions now issued clearly pointed out several localities which were to be rigorously examined, instead of leaving the commander bewildered

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by the looseness of his directions. Ross, however, was sent to the right-about, and Lieutenant W. E. Parry reigned in his stead.

Parry sailed on May 12th, 1819, in the *Hecla*, with Lieutenant Liddon, as his second in command, on board the *Griper*.<sup>\*</sup> It was contemplated that the expedition might winter in the ice, and it was prepared and provisioned accordingly. The ships were first of all directed to proceed to, and to well examine, Lancaster Sound, with the express object of discovering a north-west passage. If they could not succeed in gaining the sound, or if it proved to be a *cul de sac*, they were instructed to search for a passage in several other directions. But these need not even be mentioned, as Parry's time was entirely occupied in exploring the inlet to which his attention was first directed. He accomplished a marvellous voyage, sailing up the sound farther to the west than any ship has proceeded either before or since his time, penetrating well-nigh half across the unknown regions which were between Baffin's Bay and Bering's Straits, and eventually extricated his ships, and brought them home almost uninjured. But the great and distinguishing merit of this expedition consists in the fact that the ships wintered in a high latitude, on one of the most sterile shores known on the earth's surface, and in one of its coldest regions, and did so successfully, subsisting upon its own resources; and had the geographical results which were obtained been of far less importance, the forethought which Parry displayed during his long detention in the ice, the excellent discipline which he maintained, and the readiness with which he met every demand that was made upon his invention, would have been more than sufficient to make him a man of mark. He proved that it was possible to sojourn long in high latitudes in safety, and without excessive discomfort; and later Arctic voyagers, who have profited by his experience, have not very materially improved upon the methods which he adopted.

By August 1st the voyagers were fairly at the entrance of Lancaster's Sound.<sup>†</sup> They did not come thus far without exertion, nor without a certain amount of risk, but we must pass over the earlier part of the voyage, as our space will only admit of reference to its most important features. The winds were favourable and the sea was open, and by the close of August 3rd they ran over the spot where the Croker Mountains had been placed by Ross. "It is more easy," said Parry, "to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the sound. The mastheads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's-nest were received, all, however, hitherto favourable to our most sanguine hopes."

So they ran on prosperously until the 5th, nearly

to 90° w. long., when, finding ice stretching across Barrow's Strait, they turned southwards down a promising opening, some ten leagues wide, which was subsequently called Prince Regent's Inlet. On the 8th, after they had sailed down this inlet for about one hundred and twenty miles, they were again stopped by ice, and Parry promptly retraced his course into Barrow's Strait; but they were so much hindered by one cause or another that he did not until the 20th regain the meridian at which he had arrived on the 5th. They then got clear of ice, and sailed rapidly to the west, on the 22nd discovering the great opening between Cornwallis Island and Cape Bowden, since named Wellington Channel, about which so much has been written in connection with the last voyage of Sir John Franklin.

The difficulties with their compasses which navigators experience in this part of the Arctic regions, through proximity to the northern magnetic pole, has been casually adverted to in the voyage of Ross. Parry was troubled by them, however, to a far greater extent than his predecessor. Whilst sailing up Baffin's Bay and through Barrow's Strait, he well-nigh passed half round the magnetic pole, always, it was true, at a considerable distance. The early voyagers in Davis's Strait, even so early as the Elizabethan period, remarked to how large an extent the north of the magnetic needle varied hereabouts from the north pole of the earth, but they never observed the extreme variation that Parry did, for he not only saw his needles point due *west* instead of north, but eventually arrived at a spot where they pointed due *south*—that is to say, he got to a place where the magnetic variation amounted to 180°. Beyond this, in all regions in the vicinity of the magnetic pole, compasses act so sluggishly as to be practically useless for the purposes of navigation; and for weeks together Parry had to shape his course independently of his compasses. So long as the weather was clear this was not a matter of extreme difficulty; but unfortunately the Arctic regions, even in the summer time, are terribly afflicted by fogs, and when they come on navigation becomes trebly perilous. The following quotation places this vividly before the reader:—"The fog came on again as thick as before; fortunately, however, we had previously been enabled to take notice of several pieces of ice, by steering for each of which in succession we came to the edge of a floe, along which our course was to be pursued to the westward. As long as we had this guidance, we advanced with great confidence; but as soon as we came to the end of the floe, which then turned off to the southward, the circumstances under which we were sailing were, perhaps, such as have never occurred since the early days of navigation. To the northward was the land; the ice, as we supposed, to the southward; the compasses useless; and the sun completely obscured by a fog so thick that the *Griper* could only now and then be seen at a cable's length astern. We had literally, therefore, no mode of regulating our course but by once more trusting to the steadiness of the wind; and it was not a little amusing, as well as novel, to see the quartermaster conning the ship by looking at the dog-vane." Steering by the wind is all very well so long as the wind is steady, but it is obvious that had it veered round either to the right or to the left the ships would have been in imminent peril of wreck, either through running on the land or into the ice.

\* Liddon made only this one Arctic voyage, and his name is not again recorded in history. The *Hecla* was a bomb of 375 tons, and the *Griper* had been a gun-brig of 175 tons. Both were fitted up and strengthened expressly for the Arctic regions, and both were rigged as barques. The officers and crew amounted to ninety-four persons. Beechey (who had been with Franklin in the *Trent* in 1818) was lieutenant of the *Hecla*, and Sabine was again astronomer.

<sup>†</sup> From this point, the proceedings of the expedition can be traced on the accompanying map, which has been accurately reproduced from Parry's account of the voyage. The firm line shows the outward track, and the dotted line the homeward one.

## ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

On the 4th September, 1819, the voyagers crossed the meridian of  $110^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich, and thereby became entitled by Act of Parliament to the sum of five thousand pounds. They continued to press on with varying fortunes, sometimes vexed by contrary winds, impeded by ice, or hindered by fogs, but by the exercise of unremitting care, and through seizing every opportunity which offered, succeeded in getting farther and farther in the desired direction. At length this happy state of affairs came to an end. To avoid a strong gale, they beat up to the land to their north (Melville Island) to get into shelter, and anchored, for the first time since leaving the coast of Norfolk, in a little bay which was named after the ships. "It appeared to mark," said Parry, "in a very decided manner, the completion of one stage of our voyage." And so it really did, for after vainly struggling for a few days more to get still farther to the west, they perceived that they could not do better than take up their quarters in the little bay; and, once entered therein, they found themselves sealed up by frost for more than ten months. They had carried on active operations to the very last practicable moment, and had reason to be glad that the resolution to stop was taken when it was, for two days later the thermometer showed  $33^{\circ}$  below freezing-point, and the sea outside the harbour was completely frozen as far as the eye could see.\*

Winter came on rapidly, and they had to make instant preparations to meet it. The whole of the masts were dismantled, except the lower ones and the *Hecla's* topmast; the lower yards were lashed fore and aft amidships, at a sufficient height to support the planks of the housing intended to be erected over the decks, and the whole of this framework was roofed over with cloth, and thus formed a comfortable shelter from snow and wind. The boats, spars, running rigging, and sails were removed on shore, in order to give as much room as possible for exercise on board whenever the weather should be too inclement for walking on land. "I dreaded," said Parry, "the want of employment as one of the worst evils that was likely to befall us;" but there does not appear to have been at any time during their long winter a dearth of occupation, for the active mind of the commander, being well-convinced that idle hands would surely get into mischief, took care to provide everybody not only with work, but with amusement. To this end, amongst other things, he suggested the formation of a royal Arctic theatre on board the *Hecla*, which proved a successful device for maintaining harmony and passing time. These theatrical performances were free from the

objectionable atmosphere usually surrounding the stage. We may be sure that they were long and loudly applauded, as clapping of hands and stamping of feet answered the double purpose of cheering the performers and warming the audience, who, at the time the representations were given, enjoyed a temperature hovering about zero of Fahrenheit.

This, however, was by no means the greatest cold they experienced. On January 11, 1820, at noon, the temperature was  $81^{\circ}$  below freezing-point, or much below the freezing-point of mercury. "Yet," said Parry, "the weather being quite calm, we walked on shore for an hour without inconvenience, the sensation of cold depending much more on the degree of wind than on the absolute temperature of the atmosphere." On the whole, February was their most severe month, the thermometer never rising above  $49^{\circ}$  below freezing-point, and sometimes being  $20^{\circ}$  lower. During the extreme temperatures of these coldest months, many frost-bites occurred through the men being improperly shod; for the crews had been supplied with thick leather fishermen's boots, so little had the special requirements been understood of the service upon which they were engaged. Directly the men went out of doors, their boots became as hard as iron, circulation of the blood was checked, and frost-bites speedily followed. With characteristic promptitude, Parry applied a remedy directly he perceived the evil, and by having canvas boots made, soled with raw hide and lined with blanketing, he soon put an end to the danger of frost-bitten feet.

There was one occasion on which all personal considerations had to be thrown to the winds, and officers and men had alike to work in the open air, regardless of the severity of the climate. On February 24, when the thermometer registered  $76^{\circ}$  below freezing-point, Captain Sabine's wooden observatory on shore was found to be on fire. All ran instantly to extinguish the flames, and in three-quarters of an hour they were got under, fortunately, without doing much injury. "The appearance," wrote the commander, "which our faces presented at the fire was a curious one, almost every nose and cheek having become quite white with frost-bites in five minutes after being exposed to the weather; so that it was deemed necessary for the medical gentlemen, together with some others appointed to assist them, to go constantly round to rub with snow the parts affected in order to restore animation. Notwithstanding this precaution, we had an addition of no less than sixteen men to the sick-lists in consequence of this accident. There were four or five cases in which the patients were confined for several weeks; but John Smith, of the Artillery, who was Captain Sabine's servant, and who, together with Sergeant Martin, happened to be in the house at the time the fire broke out, was unfortunate enough to suffer much more severely. In their anxiety to save the dipping-needle, of which they knew the value, they immediately ran out with it; and Smith, not having time to put on his gloves, had his fingers in half-an-hour so benumbed, and the animation so completely suspended, that on his being taken on board by Mr. Edwards, and having his hands plunged into a basin of cold water, the surface of the water was immediately frozen by the intense cold thus suddenly communicated to it; and, notwithstanding the most unremitting attention paid to them by the medical gentlemen, it was found necessary, some time after,

\* The harbour was already frozen when they determined to winter in it, and a canal 4082 yards had to be cut before the ships were placed in position. This great undertaking was carried out in a couple of days. Two parallel cuts, rather wider apart than the breadth of the larger ship, were first made with the ice-saws, and then other cross-cuts were made, at right angles to the first ones, at intervals of ten to twenty feet, "thus dividing the ice into a number of rectangular pieces, which it was again necessary to subdivide diagonally, in order to give room for their being floated out of the canal. To facilitate the latter part of the process, the seamen, who are always fond of doing things in their own way, took advantage of a fresh northerly breeze, by setting some boats' sails upon the pieces of ice, a contrivance which saved both time and labour." At last it became impractical to float the pieces of ice out, and they were sunk under the rest of the ice. "To effect this it was necessary for a certain number of men to stand upon one end of the piece which it was intended to sink, while other parties hauling upon ropes attached to the opposite end, dragged the block underneath. The officers of both ships took the lead in this employ, several of them standing up to their knees in water frequently during the day, with the thermometer at  $12^{\circ}$ , and never higher than  $16^{\circ}$  (twenty to sixteen degrees below freezing-point). At half-past one p.m., on Sept. 26th, they began to track the ships along, and at a quarter-past three reached their winter quarters, and hailed the event with three loud and hearty cheers from both ships' companies.

to resort to the amputation of a part of four fingers on one hand, and three on the other."

With returning day, hopes of a speedy release were raised; \* but they were doomed to disappointment; and month after month went by without the least apparent change in the solidity of the ice round about them. Even on the 1st of May, by which time the sun remained perpetually above the horizon, the weather was so bad that Captain Sabine's house on shore was almost covered with the drifting snow; and they were obliged to communicate with the astronomer and his attendants "through a small window, from which the snow was, with much labour, cleared away, the door being quite inaccessible. The gale and snowdrift continued on the following day, when we had literally to dig out the sentries, who attended to the fire at the house, in order to have them relieved." On viewing the sea, at the end of May, from a hill in the vicinity of their harbour, they found that there was not much to encourage their hopes of advancement to the westward. "The sea still presented the same unbroken and continuous surface of solid and impenetrable ice, and this ice could not be less than six to seven feet in thickness, as we knew it to be about the ships." When to this circumstance was added the consideration that scarcely the slightest symptom of thawing had yet appeared, and that in three weeks from this period the sun would again begin to decline to the southward, it must be confessed that the most sanguine and enthusiastic among us had some reason to be staggered in the expectation we had formed of the complete accomplishment of our enterprise.

Clearly, it would be long ere the ships would be free to move, and, to occupy their spare moments, Parry determined to make a journey across Melville Island. Although so many Arctic expeditions had gone out before this one, sledge travelling, as it is practised now, had not been invented. They actually started on this trip across the island dragging their baggage *on a cart!* As this unfortunate vehicle had to go over hill and dale, across morasses, down gullies, up ravines, and over rocks, there is little wonder that it eventually broke down, and had to be abandoned. But the plucky seamen succeeded in crossing the island from south to north, almost at its narrowest point, and looked down on the boundless frozen waste beyond. It was hard to say whether they were gazing over sea or plain, nor was the question decided until they found salt water by digging through a floe which was fourteen feet four inches thick. They returned to the ship after an absence of fifteen days, having made considerable collections in natural history, besides having determined with respectable accuracy the extent of the island upon whose shores they had wintered.†

The month of June passed without the slightest prospect of the ships being released, although the ice in the harbour was gradually becoming thinner and thinner. By the end of the first week in July its thickness was reduced to about two feet, and there were holes in it, in some places, right through to the sea. In a week more the boats were able to go to and fro between the ships and the shore, and on the 26th they weighed anchor and ran about three-quarters of a mile out to sea. The ice outside the harbour "was still quite continuous and unbroken, with the same appearance of solidity as it had during the winter, except that the pools of water were numerous upon its surface." From this date they struggled incessantly for thirty days to get to the west, but were never able to get so far as the westernmost extremity of Melville Island. Over and over again they were in imminent peril of being driven on shore by the irresistible pressure of the floes, and on one occasion, destruction seeming inevitable, Parry got so far as to determine to cut holes in the decks, to let the provision casks float out of the hold immediately the vessel should sink. The floes were thicker than they had ever before been observed, and penned the ships up in a narrow lane of water between their margin and the land. On August 9th, wrote Parry, a piece of a floe, "which came near us in the afternoon, and which had since drifted back a few hundred yards to the eastward, received the pressure of the whole body of ice as it came in. It split across in various directions, with a considerable crash, and presently afterwards we saw a part, several hundred tons in weight, raised slowly and majestically, as if by the application of a screw, and deposited on another part of the floe from which it had broken, presenting towards us the surface that had split, which was a fine blue colour, and very solid and transparent. I sent Lieutenant Beechey to measure its thickness, which proved to be forty-two feet; and, as it was a piece of a regular floe, this measurement may serve to give some idea of the general thickness of the ice in this neighbourhood."

After observing that a strong easterly wind blew for thirty-six hours without the ice shifting a single yard, Parry could not help inferring that there was no space in which it was at liberty to move to the westward; and was led to consider whether it would not be advisable, whenever the ice would allow them to stir, to sacrifice a few miles of westing, and to run along the margin of the floes in order to endeavour to find an opening leading to the southward, by taking advantage of which they might be enabled to prosecute the voyage to the westward in a lower latitude. "I was," said he, "the more inclined to make this attempt from its having long become evident to us that the navigation of this part of the Polar Sea is only to be performed by watching the occasional openings between the ice and the shore; and that, therefore, a continuity of land is essential, if not absolutely necessary, for this purpose. Such a continuity of land, which was here about to fail us, must necessarily be furnished by the northern coast of America, in whatever latitude it may be found." This passage is one out of many which might be quoted to show how sound the opinions of Parry often were. The memorable voyage of McClure, upon which he discovered a northwest passage, was performed in the manner foreshadowed by Parry. McClure hugged the northern

\* The sun reappeared early in February, after an absence of about three months.

† On the 23rd of March they dug a hole through the ice near the ships, and found that it was six and a half feet thick, and had eight inches of snow in its surface. This ice had been formed in one winter.

‡ On this journey they used to travel by night and dine at midnight—in broad daylight, however—and to sleep at noon, which was undoubtedly the best way of proceeding, as the snow was hardest at night, and they enjoyed the warmest part of the day while they were at rest. Captain Sabine acted as collector, besides performing his other duties. Some years ago, whilst I was attending a book-auction, three volumes were put up for sale, entitled "The Melville Island Herbarium." They contained a collection of plants made on this journey by Sabine, and had been subsequently named by the prince of botanists, Robert Brown. Nobody present seemed to be aware of their value, and they were knocked down to the writer.

coast-line of America\* until he found himself hampered in the straits between the mainland and the archipelago to its north, and he then, despairing of making a passage by completely following the shores of the continent, boldly struck up to the north, along the western side of Bank's Land. He all but arrived at the meridian at which Parry had stopped, and came within sight of Melville Island, but he was unable to sail across the strait which separated the two islands. Like all others who have been in this region, he found it filled with impenetrable ice of the heaviest class, which only occasionally moved a slight distance off the land. No ship has ever passed through this strait—and, perhaps, no ship ever will, for in this neighbourhood, it seems, from the prodigious thickness of the floes (sometimes sixty feet and upwards), that in many seasons the amount which dissolves during the summer does not equal the mass that congeals during the winter. The tidal movements of the almost landlocked sea amongst the centre of the Arctic Archipelago are extremely feeble,† nor can the wind operate with the same vigour upon the ice, which encumbers it, that it

would if it were in a more open situation. Thus the floes remain year by year almost stationary, and their thickness does not perceptibly diminish—perhaps, indeed, constantly augments.

"There was something peculiar about the southwest extremity of Melville Island," said Parry, as he turned away to try for a passage through some opening to the south; but, though he searched carefully, he found no breach which offered a fair prospect of success. Favoured by good winds, the ships ran out of Lancaster's Sound into Baffin's Bay within six days after they were put about, and gained our shores by the last days of October, with their crews in robust health, and little the worse for their adventures. Their good health was no doubt very much due to their success in the chase during the latter part of their stay on the shores of Melville Island, though, had there been better sportsmen on board, they might have lived much better. As it was, they secured 3 musk-oxen, 24 reindeer, 68 hares, 53 geese, 59 ducks, and 144 ptarmigan, which yielded altogether 3,766 lbs. of fresh meat. The ptarmigan especially were relished by the seamen, and on one of them being asked how he had fared, after returning from a little adventure on shore, he replied, "Why, the Duke of Wellington never lived so well. We had grouse for breakfast, grouse for dinner, and grouse for supper, to be sure!"

\* It has been already pointed out that McClure made his voyage in the reverse direction, namely, from Bering's Straits towards the Atlantic.

† Professor Haughton maintains that the impenetrability of the ice at this part of the Arctic regions is caused by the still water occasioned by the meeting of the Davis's Strait and Bering's Strait tides.

### BOY AND MAN:

#### A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

##### CHAPTER I.—"WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH OUR BOYS?"

"The greatest reverence is due to a child."—*Juvenal*.

ONE cold morning towards the end of March, about five-and-forty years ago, a little boy, closely buttoned up in a great-coat of pepper-and-salt broadcloth reaching nearly to his heels, alighted from a hackney-coach at the gateway of the George and Blue Boar in High Holborn. His fingers, tightly encased in Woodstock gloves, were so cold that he could scarcely move them; for it had been an old-fashioned winter, and this month of March had "come in like a lion," with bitter winds and frosts. The jarvey who had driven him stamped his feet upon the pavement, and beat his breast with his great red hands impatiently, while waiting for his fare.

"How much?" said the boy, as he strove in vain to feel his way to his pocket.

"Five shilling, master."

"Five shillings? Why, how many miles do you call it from Gracechurch Street?"

"Never mind the miles; that's my fare; I shall want another shilling for waiting if you don't look sharp."

"Go along with you," the ostler interposed, as he was taking down the boy's luggage from the coach; "you didn't ought to be hard upon a schoolboy; he's going to boarding-school, he is, by the High-flyer, to Bedworth; have a conscience!"

"Never you mind," replied the jarvey; "he's got a lot of money in his pocket, I know."

"It doesn't matter what I've got," said the boy; "Mr. Judd gave me three shillings for you, and there it is."

"Oh, there it is at last, is it? Well, you can tell Mr. Judd—"

"No, I can't; I shan't see him again for three long months; but he told me I was not to pay more than three shillings, and I don't mean to."

So saying, the young traveller trotted off into the inn parlour, and began to warm his fingers at the fire. In a few minutes the guard of the High-flyer looked into the room.

"Ready, mister?" he asked. "Are you inside or out?"

"Inside."

"Inside? there's four insides already, besides the baby. I'd rather go out if I was you; ten to one but you'll be as sick as a cat before you've got far, with all the windows shut."

"Mr. Judd said I was to go inside," said the boy; "he took an inside place on purpose; else I'd much rather go on the box."

"You can't have the box anyhow," said the guard; "it isn't likely; and if you're booked inside, why, they must make room for you, that's all."

The coach was in the inn yard, and seemed to be pretty well loaded; the top was piled up with boxes, hair trunks, and hampers; there were eight or nine outside passengers, and the narrow inside was apparently full already.

"Another coming?" cried one of the party, as the guard opened the door. She was a stout woman, and ought to have had two places for herself alone. "Another coming? there is no room, guard, and you know it!"

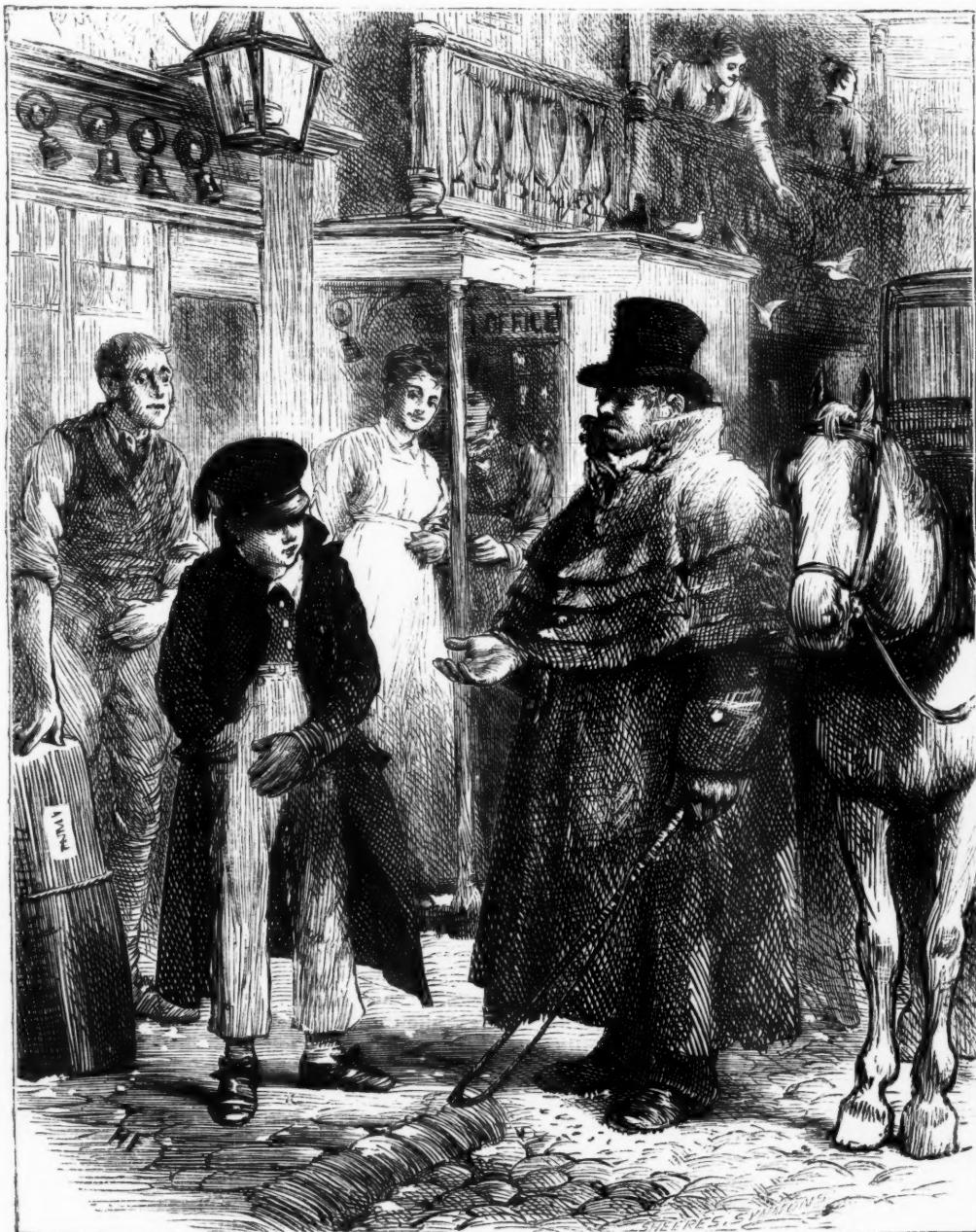
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"Only a little way, ma'am; he's not going through."

"I shouldn't care if he did go through," the stout lady answered; "and the sooner the better. Are you booked?"

The boy would gladly have made his escape, but the door was now shut and the coach had started, and was rumbling slowly over the stones towards Highgate and the North. So the sour-looking woman



AT THE GEORGE AND BLUE BOAR.

"Yes; my books are in the trunk outside."

"Don't you think you would be a deal more comfortable if you were with them? not but what you'll have enough of their company before you come this way again, I dare say."

was fain to express her discontent by spreading herself out to prevent his sitting near her, and by treading upon his cold toes when he was about to settle down between her two opposite neighbours.

John Armiger was an orphan. There were not so many Cyrils, Cuthberts, Augustines, and Guys in those days as there are now, and his only Christian name was John; he had lost both his parents at an early age, and had been brought up under the care of an aunt, who, with her husband, the Mr. Judd already named, was very kind to him, and very anxious to do her duty by him. John was now eleven years old, and it was thought necessary for his good education that he should go to a boarding-school. A boarding-school had been recommended to them by a neighbour, a Mr. Waddy, who knew somebody who had children there; and chiefly upon that gentleman's representation of the excellent discipline, instruction, and general conduct of the establishment, they had decided on committing their nephew to the tender care of Mr. Bearward and his "lady" at Cubbingham.

"I had rather," Mrs. Judd remarked, "that Mr. Bearward had said more about his wife and less about his matron in his letters; but I dare say in a large school like this there's plenty of room for both. And Mr. Waddy speaks so highly of all the arrangements, that I suppose we can't do better than decide upon it." And it was decided upon accordingly.

In truth, the school was as good as many other boarding-schools in those days, and enjoyed a high reputation. It was healthily "situate"; the buildings were extensive and commodious; the master was an M.A. of Oxford and a clergyman. It was generally pretty full, the number of pupils being about eighty; and it was understood that no boy could be admitted without a personal introduction such as Mr. Judd's neighbour had so kindly offered, though it was not upon record that any pupil had ever been rejected for want of such recommendation. John Armiger was now fairly on his way to Cubbingham, and with good courage, notwithstanding the inconveniences of his beginning. He had had a drive of three or four miles already outside a stage-coach, in the early morning, from his home at Peckham; had been landed in Gracechurch Street, and immediately put into a hackney-coach and transferred to the spot where we first met with him. He was a delicate boy in some respects, but clever, and generally able to take care of himself, though he had never been from home before, and everything outside his own customary circle was strange to him.

"Boys must go out into the world" was one of Mr. Judd's favourite axioms. "They must get used to hardships and temptations while they are young, or they will never be able to face them in after-life. Boys always get strong at school. John will come back better in health and more of a man; it's the regularity and discipline that does it; and the sooner he gets into it the better. Besides, what is to be done with boys if they are not sent to school?"

With such arguments Mr. Judd was accustomed to reply to his wife's misgivings, and to her wish expressed, with much reserve and hesitation, that the child might remain at home, attending a day-school as he had done hitherto, for another year. Mr. Judd was not unkind, and he believed that what he thought and said on this subject was real wisdom. If John Armiger had been his own son he would have done exactly the same thing for him; and Mrs. Judd, although not quite satisfied with the arrangement, concluded that her husband, being a man, must know best about boys, and so adopted his conclusion.

Yes, boys must endure hardships; but that is no reason why they should be exposed to them rashly or unnecessarily: and they must learn to meet temptations, and to wrestle with them; but they might learn by some safer and more promising method than experience. A boy may be taught to swim by throwing him into deep water, but he must be watched and assisted or he will very likely be drowned. It is not desirable for children to be kept too long in leading-strings; but when a boy is first left to walk alone we do not place him among rocks and precipices, but on a smooth floor; and even then the mother stands over him with careful arms, and "runs to catch him as he falls." It may be in some instances a necessity—a choice of evils—that boys should be sent early into the world and left to battle, almost alone, with the trials and temptations which abound there. But then—away with all false pretences on the subject!—do not let us argue that it is good for a child of tender years to be so tried; he may grow up pure and strong in spite of such exposure, for there is no evil upon the earth which is not sometimes overruled for good. But evil is evil still, and in a large school where boys of all ages, tempers, and characters meet together, and there is no guarantee for proper training, influence, and supervision, as was very generally the case at the period of this history, the innocence of childhood may very soon be lost—and lost for ever. We are taught, even as men and women, to pray daily, "Lead us not into temptation." Why, then, should we pretend that it is good for our little ones to be sent forth unprotected into such perilous paths? It is a convenient doctrine, however, and a comfortable one, if only we can be seriously convinced of it. It saves a great deal of trouble, and silences many scruples and misgivings; and so little children are sent away to take their chance, and to sink or swim in the great sea of school life as their fathers have done before them. The Lacedemonians exposed their weak and sickly children upon the barren mountains, to live or die, as fate would have it, which was a still easier solution of the question.

This is a digression, and the less to be excused because it is too late now for Mr. Judd to profit by it if he had been so disposed. Schools, both for high and low, are vastly better now and more carefully administered than they were in those days. Let us hope also that parents and guardians are more particular in their inquiries and more judicious in their selection than was he.

While we have been thus moralising, little John Armiger has been jolted down upon his bearings, with a nursery-maid on his left hand having a baby in her arms, and the mother of the baby on his right. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," he says to the latter, seeing her draw from her reticule an orange, some fragments of sponge-cake, and two hard-boiled eggs, all pounded and mixed up together in consequence of his sudden descent upon them, making, as the lady says, "a terrible mess" upon her knitting, which happened to be in the same receptacle.

"I'm very sorry," he adds, turning to the baby, which has received a poke from his elbow and has begun to cry.

"Children are always a nuisance," the fat lady opposite remarks, "and boys in particular."

Johnny felt that he had not injured her, so why should she complain; he strongly suspected also that she had usurped his seat in the coach, which

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had been engaged by his uncle three days before, and he felt angry with her.

"It's all your fault," he said; "if you had not trodden on my toes with your great heavy feet just as the coach jolted so, I should not have gone down so suddenly; and I believe you did it on purpose."

"Great heavy feet!" exclaimed the lady, "did ever anybody hear such impudence? I declare children are most detestable."

A plain Friend, or Quaker, who occupied the fourth corner in the coach, interceded at this point. "Consider," said he, "wast thee never a child theeself?"

"I never was a boy," she answered. "I never was a rude, ill-mannered boy; I have not that to answer for, though I have had enough to do with boys, unfortunately; I know them well."

"And I shall never be a woman," answered John. "I'm glad of that. But I beg your pardon, ma'am, again," he continued, turning to his neighbour, who was still occupied with her knitting; "I didn't mean it for you, and I couldn't help what I did, could I?"

"I don't think you could," she answered, kindly, "it was not your fault."

The plain Friend tried to make peace between all parties, but with indifferent success; the stout lady with "the heavy feet" was implacable.

"I'll let your master know," she said, "what sort of a boy you are. I'll find out where you're going before you leave this coach, and write to him this night; so make yourself easy about that."

The coach now stopped for a few minutes at an inn, and John Armiger, anxious to escape from his difficulties, and feeling rather squeamish with the closeness and movement of the vehicle, let down the window and called to the guard. "Open the door," he said; "I'll go outside."

The guard was just climbing up to his seat, but he swung himself down again, lowered the step and bade the boy "look sharp," for the road was heavy, and there was no time to spare. Johnny clambered up as quickly as he could to the seat pointed out to him, and the guard followed, gave the word "all right," and off they went again.

### ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT"

#### April.

THIS month, which is so gladly welcomed by us all, as introducing the spring-time of the year, has rightly been called the "flower-producing month," for it is at this season that nature begins again to exert her reproductive powers, awaking the earth from its winter's sleep, and—

" Making it all one emerald."

On this account April was regarded by the Romans as Venus's month, and it is therefore affirmed by some that Aprilis was originally spelt Aphrilis, derived from the word Aphrodite, the Greek name of Venus. Some think, however, it comes from the Latin *Aperio*, as denoting the time when the buds of trees begin to open.

From time immemorial a very amusing practice has existed, on the 1st of April, of ridiculing and playing practical jokes upon people, the day, in consequence, being popularly designated "April Fools' Day." From whence this custom was originally derived, it is almost impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; and although endless conjectures have been, from time to time, started to account for and explain its origin, yet none of these can be regarded as altogether probable. It must be remembered that many of our popular customs have come down to us through a long succession of years, and have often, in the meantime, lost much of their identity. When, therefore, we have to look for their origin in the far-off mists of antiquity, it is no easy task to trace their course backward through past centuries, and, after doing so, to be quite sure that we have reached the true fountain-head of our in-

quiries. This is undoubtedly the case with regard to the anniversary of April Fools' Day, and therefore we cannot be surprised that antiquarians are at variance in their opinions respecting its origin. It should be remarked that its observance is not confined to this country, but is prevalent in some parts of the continent. Thus the French have their April Fools' Day, and call the person imposed upon an April fish, "Poisson d'Avril;" and Bellingen,\* in his "Etymology of French Proverbs" (1656), incidentally alluding to the custom, explains it in the following manner. He considers the word *poisson* is corrupted, through the ignorance of the people, from *passion*, and that length of time has nearly defaced the original intention, which was as follows:—As the Passion of our Saviour took place about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent Christ backwards and forwards to mock and torment him, i.e., from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, this ridiculous custom took its rise from thence, by which we send about from one place to another such persons as we think proper objects of ridicule. In Germany, the making of an April fool is described in the phrase, "Einen zam April schicken;" and in Toreen's book of travels (1750) the custom is referred to as existing among the Swedes. Southey, too, in his "Letters from Spain and Portugal," says:—"On the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, as on the first day of April in England, people are privileged here (Lisbon) to play the fool. It is thought very jocose to pour

\* See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," 1840, vol. i. p. 135.

water on any person who passes, or throw powder on his face; but to do both is the perfection of wit." Colonel Pearce also, in his "Asiatic Researches" (vol. ii. p. 334), tells us that in India during the Huli Festival, when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindoos of every class, "one class of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent. The Huli Festival is always in March, and the last day is the general holiday."

Douce, alluding to this subject, says that he is "convinced that the ancient ceremony of the feast of fools has no connection whatever with the custom of making fools on the first of April. The making of April fools, after all the conjectures which have been formed touching its origin, is certainly borrowed by us from the French."

In "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1760, the following amusing description of this day is given:—

"The first of April, some do say,  
Is set apart for *All Fools' Day*;  
But why the people call it so,  
Nor I nor they themselves do know.  
But on this day are people sent  
On purpose for pure merriment;  
And though the day is known before,  
Yet frequently there is great store  
Of these forgetfuls to be found,  
Who're sent to *dance Moll Dixon's round*;  
And, having tried each shop and stall,  
And disappointed at them all,  
At last some tells them of the cheat,  
Then they return from the pursuit,  
And straightway home with shame they run,  
And others laugh at what is done.  
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,  
Which is the greatest fool reputed,  
The man that innocently went,  
Or he that him design'dly sent."

Swift, in his journal to Stella, under March 31st, 1713, has the following entry:—"This evening Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I were contriving a *lie for to-morrow*, that Mr. Noble, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread." Mr. Hampson relates a curious tale of a French lady, who on April 1st, 1817, pocketed a watch in a friend's house, and when charged with the fact before the police, she said it was "*Un poisson d'Avril*" (an April joke). On denying that the watch was in her possession, a messenger was sent to her apartments, who found it on a chimney-piece. Upon which the lady said she had made the messenger *un poisson d'Avril*. She was convicted and imprisoned until April 1st, 1818, and then to be discharged. "*Comme un poisson d'Avril*" (Brand's "Pop. Antiq." 1849, vol. i. p. 139).

In Ward's "Wars of the Elements" (1708, p. 55), in his epitaph on the French prophet who was to make his resurrection on the 25th of May, he says:—

"O' th' first of April had the scene been laid,  
I should have laugh'd to've seen the living made  
Such *April fools* and blockheads of the dead."

Addison, speaking of the ridiculous practices connected with the 1st of April, says:—"This act of wit is well enough when confined to one day in a twelve-month; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of 'Biters'—a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production."

The Fifth Sunday in Lent (April 2) is commonly called "Care," or "Passion" Sunday. In the northern counties, and in Scotland, it is customary on this day to eat "carlings," which are grey peas, steeped all night in water, and then fried the following day with butter. Hone quotes an account of a robbery in the year 1825, in which we find a reference to this custom. "It appeared that a man named Hindmarch had been at Newcastle on Carling Sunday—a day so termed because it is the custom of the lower orders in the north of England to eat immense quantities of small peas, called 'carlings,' fried in butter, pepper, and salt, on the second Sunday before Easter—and that on his way home, about half-past ten, his watch was snatched from him." A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us that on the north-east coast of England, where the custom is attended with much augury, its origin is ascribed by some to the loss of a ship freighted with peas on the coast of Northumberland. Carling is the foundation-beam of a ship or the beam of the keel.

Palm Sunday (April 9) was in the Roman Catholic times of this country celebrated with great pomp and show. It appears that boughs of trees, after being blessed and then fumed with frankincense, were carried in a procession of a most elaborate description, in which the priests took part. Formerly, too, we are told that little crosses of palm were made and blessed by the priests, and afterwards sold as safeguards against disease. Now-a-days, however, the return of Palm Sunday is simply marked in London by the appearance in the shop-windows of sprigs of willow-buds, which, in the absence of palm, are employed as its substitute. Miss Baker, in her "Northamptonshire Glossary" (1854, vol. i. p. 232), tell us that in some parts of that county it is customary for both rich and poor to eat figs on this day. On the Saturday previous the market at Northampton is abundantly supplied with figs, and more are purchased at this time than throughout the rest of the year. The same custom, a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" says, exists in some parts of Oxfordshire, from whence it is called "Fig Sunday." A very pretty practice exists in South Wales at this season, and one which might well be copied by other districts. On Palm Sunday persons assemble in the churchyards, and spread fresh flowers upon the graves of their friends and relatives. The day is called in consequence "Flowering Sunday."

Maundy Thursday (April 13th), the day before Good Friday, is supposed by some to allude to the *mandatum*, or commandment, which Christ gave to his disciples on that day, to love one another as he had loved them; while by others it is supposed to be derived from *mandatum*, or command, that being the first word of the anthem sung on that day, "A new commandment I give unto you." Others again allege that the name arose from the *maunds*, or baskets of gifts, which it was an ancient custom for Christians to present to one another at this time, in

token of the mutual affection which Christ urged upon his people.

Formerly, it was customary for the sovereign of England (as still abroad) to have brought before him as many poor persons as he was years old, and with his own hands to wash their feet, at the same time distributing amongst them clothes and money. One of the earliest instances on record of observing this custom is preserved in the "Rotulus Misæ, or roll of the wardrobe expenses of the fourteenth year of King John," in which we find an item of fourteen shillings and one penny for alms distributed at Rochester on Maundy Thursday. In the year 1560 Queen Elizabeth, says Agnes Strickland ("Lives of the Queens of England," 1864, vol. iii. p. 144), kept her Maundy after the old fashion, in the great hall of the court of Westminster, by washing the feet of twenty poor women, and then gave gowns to every woman, and one of them had the royal robe in which her Majesty officiated on this occasion. The queen drank to each woman in a new white cup, and then gave her the cup. The same afternoon she gave, in St. James's Park, a public alm of twopence each to upwards of two thousand poor men, women, and children, both whole and lame. Charles II, we are told, observed the custom used by his predecessors, and on Maundy Thursday washed the feet of the poor, distributing to them afterwards presents of various kinds. James II was the last sovereign who followed out the ceremonial in its full extent.

The queen's Maundy money, however, is still annually distributed in Whitehall Chapel during divine service, and many are the anxious and eager applicants who find their way thither on this occasion.

From the earliest ages of Christianity, Good Friday has always been observed as a solemn fast, and been marked with that special respect which its sanctity demands. In ancient times it was called Long Friday, from the length of the religious services; and by our forefathers it was termed Holy Friday. Of late years, however, there seems to have been a growing inclination on the part of many to observe it as a high holiday; and the very fact that on this day excursion trains begin running, and entertainments of a very varied character are everywhere advertised, unmistakably prove the truth of this statement. Alluding to some of the old and obsolete customs connected with Good Friday, we find that a sermon was preached in the afternoon at Paul's Cross, at which the lord mayor and aldermen attended in their robes. "Creeping to the cross" was one of the old Popish ceremonies practised; and Hospiman tells us how the kings of England were in the habit of hallowing rings with much ceremony, the wearing of which was believed to ward off sickness. In the confession of Margaret Johnson, in 1633, a reputed witch, she says: "Good Friday is one constant day for a generall meeting of witches, and that on Good Friday last they had a generall meetinge neere Pendle water syde;" and Mr. Hampson quotes an old charm for curing the bewitched:—

"Upon Good Friday  
I will fast while I may,  
Until I hear them knell  
Our Lord's own bell!"\*

In the metropolis, and indeed in most parts of

England, one of the first sounds one hears, on Good Friday morning, is that of "Hot cross buns!" Most of us are familiar with the cry of the street bun-vendors on this occasion:—

" Hot cross buns!  
One a penny, buns,  
Two a penny, buns,  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot cross buns!"

In many counties a peculiar charm is believed to be attached to buns made on Good Friday, and such as are not eaten are carefully laid aside and preserved, as being an infallible cure for certain complaints. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" tells us that it was customary in East Yorkshire to keep "a hot cross bun" from one Good Friday to the next, as it was reputed not to turn mouldy, and to protect the house from fire. There can be no doubt that the practice of making hot cross buns originated in the desire of marking on the only food sufficiently allowed a symbol of the Crucifixion ("English Encyclopedia," vol. iv. p. 433); but the custom of having some sort of consecrated bread is of great antiquity. The Jews and Greeks had cakes. Jeremiah (chap. xliv. 19) says, "Did we make her cakes to worship her?" The Greeks gave the name of *boun* (boun) to their sacred bread.

In some parts of Lancashire Good Friday is termed "Cracklin Friday," as on this day it is customary for children to go with small baskets from house to house, begging small wheaten cakes, which are something like the Jews' Passover bread, but made shorter, or richer, by having butter or lard mixed with the flour.\*

In the London Docks a curious custom is observed by the crews of the Portuguese and South American vessels. It is called the "flogging of Judas Iscariot," and is thus described in the "Times" of April 5th, 1874:—"At daybreak a block of wood, roughly carved to imitate the betrayer, and clothed in an ordinary sailor's suit, with a red worsted cap on its head, was hoisted by a rope round its neck into the fore-rigging. The crews of the various vessels then went to chapel; and on their return, about 11 a.m., the figure was lowered from the rigging, and cast into the dock, and ducked three times. It was then hoisted on board, and after being kicked round the deck, was lashed to the capstan. The crew, who had worked themselves into a state of frantic excitement, then, with knotted ropes, lashed the effigy till every vestige of clothing had been cut to tatters. During this process the ship's bell kept up an incessant clang, and the captains of the ships served out grog to the men. Those not engaged in the flogging kept up a sort of rude chant, intermixed with denunciations of the betrayer. The ceremony ended with the burning of the effigy, amid the jeers of the crowd."

Easter, held in commemoration of our Lord's Resurrection from the dead, is the most ancient feast in observance, and governs the whole of the other movable festivals throughout the year. In the Greek and Latin Churches it is called *Pascha* (*πάσχα*), the name given to the Passover, held by the Jews on the same day as that on which our Saviour held his paschal feast. Various etymologies have been given to the word Easter. Bede says it was derived from a goddess called *Eostre*. Wheatley says it is from

\* See Brand's "Pop. Antiq." 1849, vol. i. p. 151.

\* Harland and Wilkinson's "Lancashire Folk-Lore," 1867, p. 227.

the Saxon *Oster*, to rise. Another derivation is from the Anglo-Saxon *Yst*, a storm, the time of Easter being subject to tempestuous weather ("English Encyclopedia," vol. iii. p. 738). In accordance with an old superstition, some people always make a point of having some part of their dress new on Easter Day, for fear of ill-fortune befalling them if they should fail to observe this practice. Thus, Poor Robin says:—

"At Easter let your clothes be new,  
Or else be sure you will it rue."

It was once almost a universal custom among Christians to give to one another, at this season, pasch, or pace eggs. "Even in Scotland," says a correspondent of "Book of Days" (vol. i. p. 425), "where the great festivals have for centuries been suppressed, the young people still get their hard-boiled dyed eggs, which they roll about, or throw, and finally eat." A writer of the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1783) considers the egg at Easter an emblem of the resurrection, in the same manner as the chicken, entombed, as it were, in the egg, is in due time brought to life. In some parts of Cheshire, pasch eggs are begged for at the farm-houses by the children, who sing a short doggrel:—

"Eggs, bacon, apples, or cheese,  
Bread or corn, if you please,  
Or any good thing that will make us merry."

In some counties the absurd practice of "lifting," or "heaving," is practised. The men lift the women on Easter Monday, and the women lift the men on Easter Tuesday. It appears to be a custom of very long standing. Agnes Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England" (1864, vol. i. p. 303), narrates how, on the Easter Monday of 1290, seven of Queen Eleanor's ladies invaded the chamber of King Edward I, and seizing their majestic master, proceeded to "heave him in his chair till he was glad to pay a fine of fourteen pounds, and enjoy his own peace and be set at liberty." In Durham, on Easter Monday, the men claim the right of taking off the women's shoes, and the next day the women retaliate. Formerly, at Easter and Whitsuntide, the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with a great number of the burgesses, went every year to the Forth, or Little Mall of the town, with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them, and patronised the playing at hand-ball, dancing, and other amusements, and sometimes joined in the ball-play. In London, since the passing of the Act of Parliament making Easter Monday a bank holiday, it has become in consequence such a complete holiday that business of every kind is suspended.

The Sunday after Easter is in England popularly called Low Sunday, and in the Roman Church it goes by the name of *Dominica in Albis*. St. George's Day (April 23) was formerly observed in this country. In a council held in the first year of the reign of Henry V, it was decreed that the feast of St. George should be celebrated; and, we are told, it was from this time kept in many places with great splendour. In the year 1667, however, Queen Elizabeth commanded its observance to be discontinued; but James I revived it again. At Windsor, on installations and feasts on St. George's Day, the king's spurs became the fee of the choristers. In

the "Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VII" we find this entry under the year 1495:—"Oct. 1. At Windesor. To the children for the spouses." At one time blue coats were worn by people of fashion on this day, "probably because," says Dr. Forster, "blue was the fashionable colour of Britain, over which St. George presides." Others think it was in imitation of the blue robe worn by the Knights of the Garter.

Aubrey, in his "Natural History of Wiltshire," records the following proverb:—

"St. George cries goe;  
St. Mark cries hoo."

On St. Mark's Eve (April 24) many weird and highly superstitious practices are observed in some parts of England. One of these—the watching the church porch—is most graphically described by the poet Montgomery ("Vigil of St. Mark"), and we have therefore subjoined it:—

" 'Tis now," replied the village belle,  
"St. Mark's mysterious eve;  
And all that old traditions tell  
I tremblingly believe.

"How, when the midnight signal tolls,  
Along the churchyard green,  
A mournful train of sentenced souls  
In winding sheets are seen.

"The ghosts of all whom death shall doom  
Within the coming year,  
In pale procession walk the gloom  
Amid the silence drear."

Jamieson mentions a superstitious usage practised in the northern counties. The ashes are *riddled*, or sifted, on the hearth. Should any of the family be doomed to die within the course of the year, the shoe, it is believed, will be impressed on the ashes. Pennant (quoted by Brand) says that in North Wales "no farmer dares to hold his team on St. Mark's Day, because, as they believe, one man's team was *marked* that did work that day with the loss of an ox."

On the last day of April—the eve of May—various preparations are made in many of the counties for the celebration of May Day. Thus Dryden, in his "Palamon and Arcite," says:—

"Waked, as her custom was, before the day,  
To do th' observance due to sprightly May,  
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their rugged sleep."

A correspondent of "Once-a-Week" tells us that every proprietor of a flower-garden in the neighbourhood of Torquay receives visits from a great number of young women, who beg "some flowers for their May-dolls." On the following day, early in the morning, they call at every house to show these, at the same time collecting any small gratuities that may be given them.

In Lancashire the evening preceding May Day is called "Mischief Night." Young men and women play each other tricks by placing branches of trees or flowers before their doors. These, it must be added, have a symbolical meaning; for example, a "thorn" implies "scorn," etc.; and in consequence of the uncomplimentary expressions they sometimes convey much ill-feeling is engendered.

### IZAAK WALTON.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the reprint of the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the same publisher (Elliot Stock) has issued a fac-simile of the first edition of another notable book of the seventeenth century, Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler." Not only in typography, but in paper, binding, title-page illustration, and other details, the reprint is as nearly as possible a reproduction of the original, which (as in the case of the Bunyan book) was kindly lent by Mr. R. S. Holford. The quaint, but on the whole accurate, illustrations form a curious feature of the work. One page (217), with portion of the music of the "Angler's Song," seems at first to be accidentally stitched upside down, but it was evidently so printed on purpose to enable the persons singing the air and second part to read the music with the book held between them while standing face to face. In old Scotch psalm-books of the sixteenth and seventeenth century this arrangement is frequent, two of the four parts of the music being printed upside down, so that one book served four singers. The date of the first edition of the "Complete Angler" is 1653.

A full account of Izaak Walton and the "Complete Angler" appeared in a recent volume of the "Leisure Hour" (1874, p. 149), with a portrait.



### Being a Discourse of FISH and FISHING, Not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers.

Simon Peter said, I go a fishing: and they said, We also will go with thee. John 21.3.

LONDON, Printed by T. MINNIS for RICH. MARSHALL, in  
G. DUNGEON Churchyard Fleetstreet; 1653.

### The ANGLERS Song.

For three Voices, Treble and Bass, CANTUS. By HARRY LEECH.

**M**an's life is but vanity; 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow,  
and short as a bubble; 'tis a hodge-podge of bus'ness, and mirth and  
care, and care, and money, and trouble. But we'll take no care when the  
weather proves fair, nor will we vex now though it rain; we'll banish  
all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow, and Angler, d'ye see, I say again.

Music score for three voices (Treble, Bass, Cantus) in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are written in soprano, basso, and alto clefs respectively. The piano accompaniment is written in treble clef.

Music score for three voices (Treble, Bass, Cantus) in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are written in soprano, basso, and alto clefs respectively. The piano accompaniment is written in treble clef.

**M**an's life is but vanity; 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow, and  
care, and care, and money, and trouble. But we'll take no care when the weather  
proves fair, nor will we vex now though it rain; we'll banish  
all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow, and Angler, d'ye see, I say again.

**BASSUS.**

**The ANGLERS Song.**

Man's life is but vanity; 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow, and  
care, and care, and money, and trouble. But we'll take no care when the weather  
proves fair, nor will we vex now though it rain; we'll banish  
all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow, and Angler, d'ye see, I say again.

## Varieties.

**WINNING AN EMPEROR.**—The following romantic story has obtained circulation on the continent. The Empress of Austria is the youngest daughter of Duke Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, and sister of the ex-Queen Sophia of Naples. Francis Joseph was to have been affianced to the Princess Sophia, to make acquaintance with whom he went on a visit to his uncle's castle of Possenhoffen, where his four young lady cousins had been born and brought up. The Princess Elizabeth, then in her sixteenth year, and remarkably beautiful, was not to have been allowed to see the young Emperor, both because on account of her youth she was not supposed to be "out," and also because being much handsomer than her sisters, the wily Duke desired to secure his imperial nephew for his eldest daughter before the former should have been allowed to catch sight of his youngest, as he felt very sure that the hand of such a beauty as she promised to be would be sought far and wide when it should be in the matrimonial market. So the young lady was told that she was to stay with her governess, and not to presume to show herself in the drawing-room during the visit of the Austrian cousin. But being lively, spirited, and brimful of curiosity to see the youthful Emperor who had so suddenly succeeded to the troubled but brilliant crown of Austria, the Princess Elizabeth contrived to give her attendants the slip, and to hide herself in a corridor, along which the imperial guest, who had arrived an hour before, and was then dressing for dinner in the rooms set apart for his reception, would have to pass in going to the banqueting-hall. As the young sovereign passed along the corridor, the Princess, who was watching him, sprang out of her hiding-place, laughing at the success of her manoeuvre, and crying gaily, "Cousin Franz! Cousin Franz! I wanted to see you, but they wouldn't let me; and so I hid myself here to see you go by." It appears that Cupid's bow, so innocently shot off by the merry girl, who had no thought beyond the gratification of her curiosity to see the grand young cousin, whose quality as Emperor had excited her imagination, went straight to the mark. What passed between the two young people has never transpired; but, a few minutes later, the imperial guest entered the drawing-room to rejoin his relatives and courtiers, who were awaiting his appearance, and introduced the Princess as "The Empress of Austria, my engaged wife." The anger of the elder sisters was quite appalling, as was, perhaps, quite natural under the circumstances. The young Princess dined that day in the banqueting-hall, seated beside the "Cousin Franz" so suddenly metamorphosed into her "imperial spouse;" and the Duke, though vexed for the disappointment of his eldest daughter, had at least the satisfaction of having this splendid match secured for his youngest. The marriage took place when the Princess had reached the age of sixteen, and all her husband's subjects were enchanted with her youthful beauty and her remarkable grace and kindness.

**NEWSPAPER STATISTICS.**—From the "Newspaper Press Directory for 1876" we extract the following on the present position of the Newspaper Press:—"There are now published in the United Kingdom 1,642 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England—London, 320; Provinces, 956—total 1,276; Wales, 57; Scotland, 152; Ireland, 138; Isles, 19. Of these there are—daily papers, England, 98; Wales 2; Scotland, 18; Ireland, 19; Isles, 1. On reference to the first edition of this Directory (1846) we find the following facts—viz., that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 551 journals; of these 14 were issued daily—viz., England, 12; Ireland, 2; but in 1876 there are now established and circulated 1,642 papers, of which no fewer than 136 are issued daily. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 657, of which 238 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Roman Catholics, and other Christian communities.

**THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOL.**—The Bible holds an honoured place in the public schools of London. It is not used, as of old, as a lesson-book, lightly esteemed by children, who considered the study of it a task, but used by the head teachers as the basis of high moral and religious training. What was well urged by Sir Charles Reed, the Chairman of the London School Board, in 1870, is now generally received and acted upon. "Their work was education. How could the mere instruction of the head be dignified by the name of education? It promoted cleverness

and sharpness, but it would never empty gaols and supersede reformatories. To secure this the conscience must be dealt with, the moral nature must be cultivated. Of what advantage would it be to turn out clever thieves, and more daring and skilled criminals? The ratepayers ask for results of another kind, in obedience to law, truthfulness, purity, and conscientiousness. The country demanded good character; character was formed by good habits, good habits meant right-doing; right-doing was neither more nor less than righteousness, that 'righteousness which exalteth a nation' and this, he maintained, could be based only upon the Bible." In this spirit the Board adopted the following plain resolutions, only three members out of forty-eight opposing the proposition. The following resolution was subsequently passed, with only three dissentients, as affirming the general principle to be followed:—"That in the schools provided by the Board the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given therefrom such explanations and such instruction in the principles of religion and morality as is suitable to the capacities of children; provided always—1. That in such explanations and instruction the provisions of the Act in sections 7 and 14 be strictly observed both in letter and spirit, and that no attempt be made in any such schools to attach children to any particular denomination. 2. That in regard of any particular school, the Board shall consider and determine, upon any application by managers, parents, or ratepayers of the district, who may show special cause for exception of the school from the operation of this resolution, in whole or in part. 3. That any instruction given from the Bible shall be given by the head teachers alone and not by any manager or visitor." This was before any single school was built: and now what is the experience? That in the five years one hundred and sixty schools are in full work; that in every one of these the Bible is daily read, prayers offered, and hymns sung; that thus about 130,000 children receive instruction in their moral and religious duties without any approach to the distinctive doctrinal teachings of churches, without offence to any parent, and to the manifest advantage of the children themselves. Except some Jewish children, none have been withdrawn, and no single parent has ever complained of the nature of the instruction given. Of the value of this instruction we have now some proof. The Government, who give grants for proficiency in all other subjects, do not include religion. No inspector is allowed to examine in it, and no reward is given for it. This being the case, a member of the Board, Mr. Francis Peek, has instituted prizes for an annual voluntary examination in Bible lessons taught by the Board teachers. He has placed at the disposal of the Religious Tract Society £5,000, the interest of which, £200, is made up by that Society to £500, for the gift of Bibles and Testaments annually to the successful competitors. On March 12th, 1875, 22,011 boys and girls entered for this examination, and in the present year above 50,000 have entered. The "religious difficulty," thought to be insurmountable, is thus easily solved, and the nation has the satisfaction of knowing that the practical religion of daily life is taught to every child in the common schools of the three kingdoms, without sectarian bias, and by the responsible teachers of the schools.

**LAW DEFINED.**—The word "Law" is used in our language in many various senses. It sometimes means a mere habit, or a tendency; and sometimes it merely expresses the general uniform sequences of phenomena which we observe in external nature. Dismissing these and other metaphorical usages of the term, and dealing only with the word "Law" as it applies to man, to his rights and duties, we find one great line of distinction between the modes in which the term is employed. In one class of meanings, "Law" comprises general doctrines of right and wrong, and of man's general duties towards his Creator and towards his neighbour; whereas in another class of meanings "Law" is narrowed towards the precise sense of a definite imperative rule of conduct prescribed by a political superior, who has the power and the will to enforce by practical means the observance of such rule. "Law" in the first and ampler sense may be called "Moral Law"; in its narrower and stricter sense it is generally called "Positive Law."—Sir Edward Creasy.

**THE DOG TAX.**—In the year ended the 31st of December, 1874, the dog tax yielded £313,017 against £294,065 in the previous year. Next year 75,806 more dogs were brought into charge, making an increase to the revenue of £18,952, but, "there is still a large number of dogs uncharged."